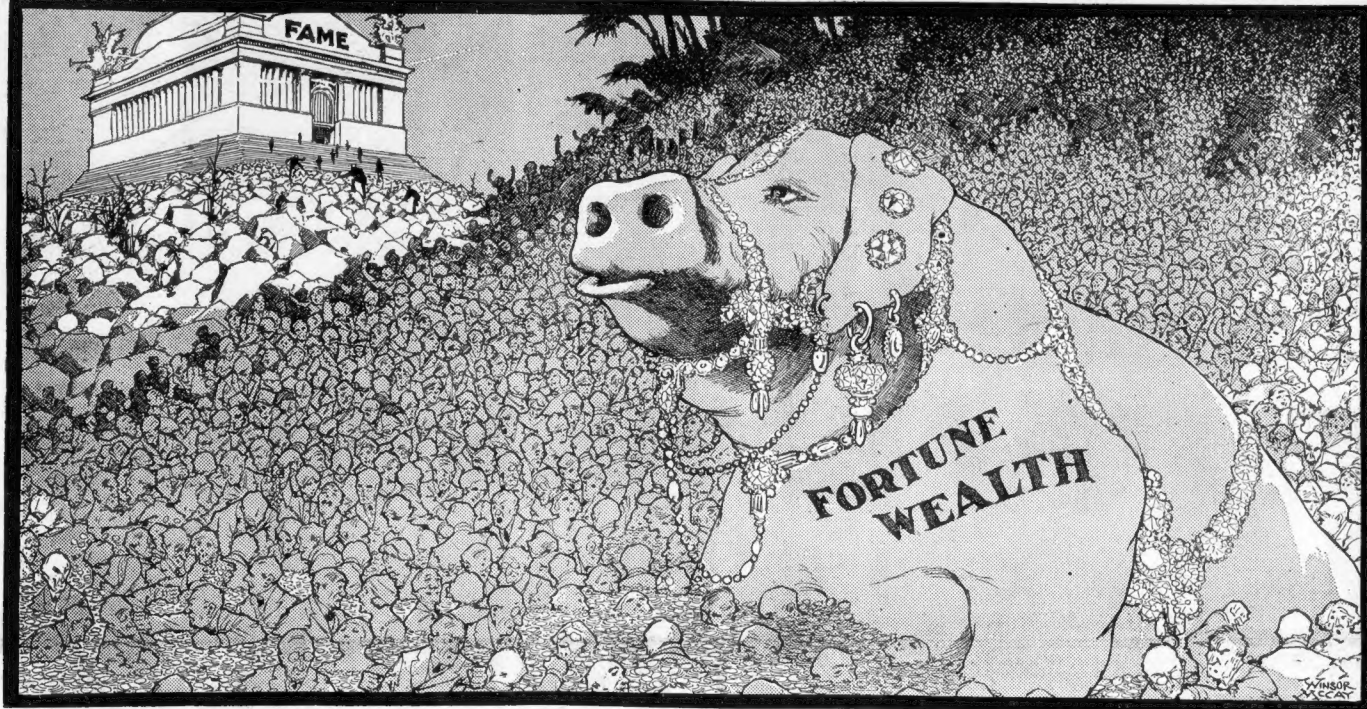


WHAT IS WORTH WHILE?

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"No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon."—St. Matthew 6:24.

YOU may say of the human race what Caesar said of Gaul, that it is all divided into three parts. There are those that seek fame. There are those that seek money. There are those that drift through life, seeking nothing, attaining nothing. The seekers for fame die disappointed, ninety-nine per cent of them. It is easy to want to be famous, hard to achieve fame, genuine and worth while.

The seekers for money die disappointed, ninety-nine per cent of them.

One million dollars is the unit of monetary success.

And for every million to be had, there are, in round numbers, a hundred million human beings trying to get it.

As for the drifting class, they are not, or should not be, disappointed. They are like the man who took his single talent, in the Bible story, and buried it in the earth. Like him, they could not expect to improve that which they had not used.

This is a powerful picture representing Mr. Winsor McCay's work at its best. The huge animal representing wealth, rolling in gold, decorated with diamonds, is worshipped by millions.

The building labelled "FAME" high up on the rock, is known to few, and sought by few.

And of those that climb toward it, in youth, many find the way too rough, stones too sharp, and before going far turn back toward the hollow where the money is.

Normal youth is ambition. But the rewards of ambition come slowly and in the beginning they take the form of ridicule. He who strives earnestly for money, and proves that he is striving, is respected, even though he fails.

If one youth should say: "I mean to be President of the United States, or a great scientist, or a great inventor," men would laugh.

If another said: "I mean to work night and day, until I have a million dollars," the majority would say, "There is a good, sensible boy."

The intelligent man understands that both groups shown in this picture, the few struggling toward fame on the heights, the crowd struggling for wealth, are necessary and useful.

A man who makes ten million dollars may think of nothing but the ten million dollars, his own fortune, and his selfish interest in his own children.

But while he is making money, he is building up industry, employing men, devising new industrial methods.

When you see a man who has made millions by industrial pursuit, you often see a hollow shell, a pathetic picture of unrel self-interest.

But you also see the shadow of prosperity for others, you see one whose life has been wasted so far as his SPIRIT

FAME or FORTUNE? That is the question.
It is possible to have both, but possible only to the very few. Truthfully, this powerful cartoon by Mr. McCay illustrates life at this age of the world's history. The few struggle up the steep, sharp rocks toward fame. The many struggle towards fortune and wealth. All real life is a struggle, and STRUGGLE is interesting for its own sake. The successful in both struggling classes are disappointed. The man achieving fame, modest, feels that he has done little. The man pursuing wealth feels that he never has enough.

goes, but intensely useful in helping other men and women in the universal struggle for a living.

This editorial is based on a comparison between fame and fortune, contained in a few lines from "The Art of Worldly Wisdom," written long ago by Baltasar Gracian, a member of the Jesuit Society, who lived in Aragon, more than three hundred years ago.

Of noble birth, Gracian had his choice of only two careers, the only two possible, the army or the church. Baltasar and all three of his brothers took Holy Orders.

Baltasar as a member of the Jesuit Order taught philosophy and sacred literature, becoming finally Rector of the Jesuit College at Tarragona. In his book on "Worldly Wisdom," Father Gracian wrote to teach men what is worth while in life and how to make life successful.

This is his short chapter headed: **FORTUNE AND FAME.** Fortune being "the one" and fame "the other."

Where the one is fickle, the other is enduring. The first for life, the second afterwards; the one against envy, the other against oblivion. Fortune is desired, at times assisted; fame is earned. The desire for fame springs from man's best part. It rises and is the sister of the giant; it always goes to extremes—horrible monsters or brilliant prodigies.

Look at Mr. McCay's picture, fame on the left, fortune on the right, and read again Gracian's marvellously condensed statement.

Fortune goes. Fire may wipe it out; a Wall Street panic can eliminate it; a mistake of judgment may destroy it. Fame, REAL, built on a rock, endures as long as the memory of men shall last.

Fortune is "for life" as Gracian says. It flatters the vanity of a man whose covetousness enriches him and makes him feel important. After he is gone, it ruins his children as a rule, making them worthless.

Fame's reward comes after life, lasting through centuries, or even tens or hundreds of centuries to follow. The name of Archimedes will be remembered as long as men write. The name of Newton will last as long as we build the planets and distant suns obeying his law.

Michael Angelo's name will be honored long after the stone of St. Peter's, the marble of his "Moses" or the bronze of his "Pieta" shall vanish.

Every intelligent school child knows his name. Few

know anything about the Medici, whose fortunes encouraged his art.

Who knows the name of Jacques Coeur, even though he gave his fortune to build the war fleet of France?

Who knows the name of the rich man that lost his life seeking military fame with Lucullus, when it was too late to turn from money making to the earning of glory?

"Fortune," says Father Gracian, "is at times assisted. Fame is earned."

A great fortune may be based on accident, as when the Bonanza King found solid silver walls in a mine that its owners were abandoning.

FAME IS EARNED. There are no accidents, there is no "GOOD LUCK" or good fortune in the history of men that achieve real fame.

Edison has truly said "Genius is ten per cent inspiration, ninety per cent perspiration." Natural talent or genius accounts for a small part of success. The hard, intensive mental work that genius alone inspires accounts for the rest.

There was no "good fortune" or accident in the fame of such men as Darwin, Huxley, Haeckel, or any of the great natural scientists.

Their names live because they **DESERVE** to live. And they, and the thousands of others that have added to the world's knowledge will live in history when the names of those that have only scraped money together, piling one million on another, will be forgotten.

In his admirable chapter of fewer than twelve lines, Father Gracian says that "Desire for fame springs from man's best part." It springs from his **SPIRIT**, the ambition that we all have in youth, and is the pure gold of character that dies, usually, as the years pass.

It has been said, well, that "EVERY CHILD IS A GENIUS AND EVERY GENIUS IS A CHILD."

To a child, everything is possible, everything easy. Years are minutes and minutes are years. The imagination is all powerful; obstacles are unreal.

Genius achieves because it carries into mature age the confidence, hope and glorious belief of childhood.

Galileo, in his old age, hearing that a young man in Holland had brought objects nearer by putting two glasses in a tube, immediately made his own telescope, the first ever turned towards the stars, and announced truths concerning

this universe that have made his name immortal. When he made that telescope, it was the imaginative mind of a child working in a mature man, for the glory of human knowledge.

Papin, the French inventor, who suggested the steam engine after he had watched the force of steam raising the lid of a kettle of boiling water, watched that lid and thought about the force lifting it as a child might have done.

A man with brain hardened by years of indifference would have looked and SEEN NOTHING.

Papin, because he had a child's imagination and an adult's brain, saw a truth that has freed hundreds of millions of men from physical slavery.

Ambition perverted, seeking personal glory, and not the service of humanity, develops, as Father Gracian says, "horrible monsters," as well as "brilliant prodigies."

Napoleon was a genius and a monster. The Asiatic war giants, Genghis Khan, Attila, Tamerlane, that overran Europe, were monsters of ambition.

Every noble instinct can go wrong. What we call evil is **PERVERTED GOOD.**

Fortunate they that start life, determined to achieve fame, and succeed in climbing the steep hill. They know that material rewards must be few or none, that failure is the usual fate, that success itself means hardship and disappointment, little encouragement.

Useful also those that turn their attention with good intention toward the accumulation of wealth.

IF THEY USE IT WELL, AND ARE MASTERS OF THEIR MONEY, NOT ITS SLAVE, THEY MAY RANK AMONG THE WORLD'S GOOD WORKERS.

Still, those in whom high ambition burns cannot be turned aside by difficulties, disappointment, ridicule or lack of appreciation.

Fame is of many kinds. The Monk Roger Bacon was in his cell, determined to add to human knowledge, and continued his work in prison. Nothing could discourage him.

The great geniuses of astronomical exploration, Copernicus, Kepler, Descartes, Newton, devoted life to a study more important than any other that is possible among human beings. Each of them knew that his only reward must be the glory of having discovered truth.

Lindbergh, who represents fame in our modern life of industrial achievement, climbed into the narrow seat of his little monoplane on Long Island.

He rose from the ground, with great difficulty avoiding stretched wires and trees in his path. Then he rose higher into the clouds, and in a straight line with marvellous skill and perfect courage, alone, he flew across the Atlantic Ocean and landed in Paris.

Could anybody imagine that a hundred millions of dollars paid to him in cash could have been worth to him the first minute after he stepped from his plane in France?

There is nothing really worth while but glory, nothing else that makes this life, dull and soon ended, worth a thought, unless it be affection for children.

MONEY is nothing, material success is nothing. Man is a spirit living in a material body, and the spirit can find expression only in works worth while, in **FAME** AND **GLORE** earned.

THE SCREEN and ITS PLAYERS

With Features by
Louella C. Parsons

TRANQUIL

Marion Davies Will Give \$1000 for Best Letters on Styles

By Louella C. Parsons

Editorial Review Boston Picture Editor

Los Angeles, May 17.

MARION DAVIES in a shell pink sport suit worn short, according to the modern edict for street wear; hat shoes and scarf of periwinkle blue, looked very different from the Marion I had seen posing for pictures in costumes of the "Floradora Girl" era.

"Tell me," I asked Marion, watching her get ready to play tennis, "which do you like better, the 1930 models or the styles of the gay nineties with the wasp-like waist and the leg-of-mutton sleeves that you wore in your last picture, 'The Floradora Girl'?"

"I like both of them," Marion answered. "I think the picturesque costumes of the girl of the gay nineties with the picture hats and long hair were unusually decorative. The modest, long skirts and narrow, high-heeled shoes gave her a feminine appearance that had its advantages. Yet she was uncomfortable, I can vouch for that, wearing a corset and narrow, confining skirts."

The Decorous Decade

"And I think it would be difficult for the modern girl who is athletic and unused to tight corsets and hairpins to adopt the mode of the nineties. 'like the freedom of short skirts, the absence of flowing veils and bobbed hair without the annoyance of hairpins.'"

"Yet the styles sent out by the creators of fashion of today show a decided tendency to return to these tight waists and long, trailing skirts."

"Do you think the American woman will really be foolish enough to accept such a style?" I asked her.

"That's difficult to say. The United States, the dictator in all things with the exception of fashion, always accepts the edict of Paris. I have always thought it is beyond understanding that a great country like this should be dictated to in the matter of clothes by another country. Certainly the American woman is the best dressed woman in the world. In Paris all the most smartly dressed women are Americans."

"Do you really think women today will go back to the miseries of being laced into their clothes, of being cramped into corsets that hold them together like a steel girder and of having their hair full of hairpins," I asked Marion.

"You can answer that as well as I can," she said. "Women have fought for their political freedom, for the freedom of their sex and they fought hard for the present freedom of dress. Having won it, some of them seem willing to give it all up."

Continued on Page 4, Column 1

ARIZONA MANNERS



WARNER BAXTER, as "The Arizona Kid" in B. F. Keith's, unsmiling his trusty shootin' iron for quick action. Cattle-rustlers, dutiful sheriffs, ill-dressed dudes and noisy soup-eaters, beware!

Week's Film Bills

MAJESTIC—"Ingaet." Native life in Africa.
B. F. KEITH'S—Warner Baxter in "The Arizona Kid." Western romance.
OLYMPIA AND UPTOWN—Winnie Lightner in "Hold Everything." Musical comedy.
LOEW'S STATE—Lope Velez in "Hell Harbor." South Sea melodrama.
KEITH-ALBEE—Evelyn Brent in "Framed." Crook drama.
LOEW'S ORPHEUM—John Gilbert in "Redemption." Adapted from Tolstoy's tragedy.
MODERN, BEACON, EGYPTIAN—Corinne Griffith in "Lilies of the Field."
FENWAY AND SCOLLAY—George Bancroft in "Ladies Love Brutes." Bootleggers in society.
REPERIO—Salute's Holiday. "Big News."
METROPOLITAN—Claudette Colbert in "Young Man of Manhattan." Comedy of newspaper life.
NEW PARK—Helen Twelvetrees in "The Grand Parade." Drama of theatrical life.
BOWDOIN SQUARE—"Show Girl in Hollywood." "Be Yourself."
GLOBE—"Honey." "Gully."

Color Film Fails to Keep Step With Progress of Sound

THOSE of us who follow the dizzy flight of the talkies can only regret that the color films have not soared as high. But the fact remains that the latter are still groundlings. Producers, ever since the day that "On With the Show" gave them an inkling of what color films might be like, have made a gallant attempt to show them up further. Somehow, though, the attempts come to very little indeed. "Show of Shows" would have been just as smart, most probably a stronger picture, if it had not been accompanied by such an abundance of post-card hues. Certain color-sequences in that otherwise entertaining revue, "Paramount on Parade," were indistinct masses of nothing at all.

To take a more timely case, there is "Hold Everything," at the Olympia and Uptown, filmed entirely in Technicolor. It is another example of an amusing, rollicking movie weakened by insufficiently clear tinting.

Winnie Lightner, to be specified, sings several of her hilarious songs in this picture. In the background is a chorus. But while Miss Lightner stands out clearly and effectively in the foreground, the "ladies of the ensemble" resemble nothing so much as an animate blob of wet paint.

Backgrounds Suffer Most

The more the pity that these color films have not gone hand in hand with the talkies. For, while it is pleasant to see the shades of Sally O'Neill's eyes—still harping on "Hold Everything"—or the tint of George Carpenter's sleek hair, the flimsy unreality of the backgrounds and the indistinctness of the mise-en-scene detract decidedly from enjoyment of what is really a merry picture.

But the time will come when the two will be happily blended, and it cannot come too soon. Then a story like "The Arizona Kid" at B. F. Keith's will be twice as effective as it is now. Added to the vivid tale of brigands and western pioneers of the Eighties there will be unfurled colors of mighty mountains and vast prairies.

The makers of "Ingaet," at the Majestic, were wise not to attempt to make their story of low-life in the African jungle in colors at this early stage of development. The gruesome flavor of the tale might easily have been lost in a welter of musical comedy settings.

A bit of color is what "Redemption," at Loew's Orpheum, needs most of all. This story of Tolstoy's brought to the screen proves to be a pathetic and somewhat drab film acted by people who haven't quite grasped the Slavic atmosphere.

Color or no color, "Framed," at the Keith-Albee, could not fail to be arresting, aided by such worthies as Evelyn Brent and Regis Toomey. It tells the story of how crooks double-cross each other with almost fiendish glee.

EXOTIC



LUPE VELEZ and her famous Old World charms are displayed in "Hell Harbor" at Loew's State.

Broadway Fetes Many Visiting Film Notables

By Bland Johanson

New York, May 17.

WELL, the local boys and girls can sit around the stove on winter and recall that this week hasn't been so dull around Main Street. The day's in. Plenty of tourists. Parties. Stagnant, big town movies. Some strawberry festivals. More fun!

A right nice festival was held for the distinguished Soviet director, Eisenstein, who arrived in town with a contract to direct for Paramount.

All the critical gentlemen who worship "Art" turned out to honor the eminent creator of "Poomkin." The substantial standing of the guest of honor restrained the exuberant children hereabouts from the rowdiness which distinguished some of the recent movie parties. Not an echo thrown and not a sash missing.

Miss Nancy Carroll and Charles "Why Bucky?" Rogers have arrived in town to make separate pictures at the Astoria studio. Flapper blood pressures always go up alarmingly with the appearance of the Rogers.

Miss Carroll, who used to grace the merris glee-club act, since which entertain our out-of-town buyers, returns as a distinguished artist, delicate, and faintly Maude Adams. "The Devil's Holiday" established the new Nancy. The raves over her performance in this moving and personal little story have been reverberating up and down Broadway all week.

Edmund Lowe and Lilian Tashman are here. All the professionally "best dressed women in town" have to go into retirement with the little Brooklyn woman from Hollywood returned. Mr. Lowe is going to appear as Rexy's guest artist on Monday night, the nineteenth, and talk to his national fans after fortifying himself with a dinner in the Bow apartment spot "Cathedral."

The Irish cutie, Molly O'Day and Sally O'Reil have been cheered and photographed stepping off the train at the Grand Central. They are here to do a sister act in vaudeville. Molly isn't fat, either.

Vaudeville

KEITH-ALBEE—"Herb" Williams, "vaudeville's favorite buffoon." "The Lewis in 'I Wanna Go Home.'" Other acts.

LOEW'S ORPHEUM—A. A. A. Code, French commedienne, in songs and dances. Whitney and Ed Ford in "Renovated."

METROPOLITAN—Horace Heidt and his Californians in jazz selections.

SCOLLAY SQUARE—"Tine" Mason, Kentucky headliner, in original songs. "The Frisco Company" in "What Might Happen." Other turns.

Movie-Go-Round, by Louella C. Parsons

Los Angeles, May 17.

THE SCRAMBLE for first night seats has started, and the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Grauman's Chinese Theaters are in a quarrel as to how they can get all the film celebrities who will appear in the new Paramount picture, and Marion's friends are already planning their frocks for the occasion. The new Paramount picture, "The Floradora Girl," opening but it is the premiere of the New Palace Theater, and the opening of a picture in Hollywood is always an event. June 4 is the date. "Hell's Angels," the four million-dollar picture, the one that has probably taken longer to complete than any other movie in the history of the industry, opens at Grauman's Chinese May 27. Howard Hughes has engaged Sid Grauman to put on a typical Grauman first night. Lots of excitement in a short time.

THE BANCROFT plot thickens. George, whose voice is supposed to have miraculously left him so that the best he can do is whisper, has quit in Brooklyn, leaving his contract with Paramount high and dry. The rumor is, and this department tries to verify it, that George's contract is up in October and that Paramount may not invite George to sell his contract back to them before that date. He had two pictures, "The Cave Man" and "The Spiders," to do. "The Cave Man" was in the limelight when his voice left him. We were told Mr. Bancroft felt "The Spiders" and "The Cave Man" came too close together, and that he did not have enough vacation between pictures even though he had had a couple of months' holiday in Europe. No one could tell him before he went to New York—nor even his neighbors at San Monica.

NOT EVERY film actress can get married and acquire a ready-made family. Pauline Frederick married Hugh Leighton a few weeks ago and she is now the stepmother of four girls and a son. The boy is 20. It's his traveling to Hollywood next week to meet his attractive step-mother and get his first introduction to the film colony. Frederick is so proud of her new children that she is carrying around photographs of them and showing them to everyone who is interested.



YOU CAN imagine, William Haines' surprise when he walked out on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer set and saw his sister, Mrs. Ann Haines Langbehn, playing a bit in a picture. Bill chuckled at himself and admitted that he admired Ann's spunk. Ann and her two children are living in Hollywood, and Bill gives them an allowance and charge accounts at the various shops. Ann, he thought, needed to be disciplined because she had so little understanding of the value of money. So he cut off her charge accounts temporarily and reduced her allowance. But when she would be properly chastised, but says, with a grin, not she. She went out and bought a new job. I am afraid Bill was a little bit proud.

IT'S ALL up to Buster Keaton when Hoot Gibson and Sally O'Reil hit the market. They worked this week as Buster's lead lady in "The Roadway." And she and Hoot plan to get married just as soon as the Keaton picture is finished. They figure on the last of June union, of course, there are a lot of relatives. Hoot, meanwhile, is spending a great deal of his spare time on the Baker ranch, which he recently bought. He may not make any picture until two or three months hence, since he plans a wedding trip. At the moment he is not letting anything interfere with that idea. I imagine it will be a fair sized wedding with the usual train of bridesmaids and ushers.

RONALD COLMAN is in England, awaiting the arrival of his pal, William Powell. Bill leaves shortly to join Bonnie and Ernest Terrence for a vacation. Paramount is giving him after a season of many pictures, which—in the opinion of the studio—well deserves. Bill and Richard Dix are friends of the dignified, conical, Mr. Colman. At the time everyone was wondering what had happened to the English actor, Mr. Powell alone knew his whereabouts. Being a good friend, he was telling.

EVERY ONCE in awhile we are compelled to realize just how many years we have been hunting for movie stories, and how long we have been in this growing movie industry. Last week Pat Bowling, associated with Christie Brothers as director of publicity, sent us a letter written in 1917 by this writer. We urged him to send us exclusive stories and reminded him that we wanted something different from the Chicago Herald. Mr. Bowling in a footnote, stated that 13 years is a long time for one writer to be hunting upon exclusive stories. We admit it, and if we are still writing 13 years hence we shall still say that we only want real news.

Its In-Again-Out-Again to Helen in Hollywood

(Editor's note: Helen Twelvetrees appears in "The Grand Parade" at the Park.)

By Kenneth R. Porter

Editorial Review

Los Angeles, May 17.

SOME CITIES have a habit of temporarily turning a cold shoulder in its citizenry. And vice versa. Hollywood is not notoriously known for such pranks, nor is Helen Twelvetrees. But there hangs a tale.

One day ago New York was winking enthusiastically over a Miss Helen Twelvetrees, an ex-saltine model, listed among Broadway's most popular entertainers. And in such high esteem as "Helen," "American Tragedy," "The Roadway," "Raffles," and other successful productions.

It came from one of Hollywood's major film companies with whom she signed a contract. Her first was a silent picture which was a bit disappointing, but Helen did not complain. Someone had seen her play a "leaping, gold-digging baby" role on the stage, and she was cast for her part in her initial trial. Critics were anything but kind in her, thinking the part was a natural affliction. One more film and her contract was cancelled.

It was going the rounds of the studio with a girl friend of mine who was making talk for various picture parts, the legend Helen in relating the episode.

"My trunk was packed and I was saying 'Good-bye' to my friends. Finally we stopped at Pathé studio. It's funny when I think of it, but as I walked into the office I saw a director friend of mine. He asked me to my 'self' and I told him I was due to leave the next day for New York."

He was much surprised and took me to see one of the executives. Never dreaming of what was to happen, I was asked to make a test along with a Miss Twelvetrees.

Forecast

MAY 22—Warner Oland in "The New Adventures of Last Week Fu Manchu" at the Metropolitan.

MAY 24—Paul Whitman in "The King of Jazz" at B. F. Keith's. Famous hand when it's first venture in the film.

"This Thing Called Love" at the Keith-Albee. A long time for one writer to be hunting upon exclusive stories. We admit it, and if we are still writing 13 years hence we shall still say that we only want real news.

GEORGE BANCROFT roars cutaneously at the reassuring thought that "Ladies Love Brutes," film at the Fenway and Scollay.



WHY AS A FINE ART by Maurice DeKobra

Why We Become Jealous

WHENEVER WE are madly in love with a woman—and this sad emergency may fall upon us at the most unpropitious moment—we choose to make her the scene of fascination; her red hair becomes Titian colored, her long grasshopper legs turn into a pair of aristocratic limbs, and the wart on her chin is promoted to the rank of beauty spot.

Imagination is thus society responsible for the exaltation of our brain, but unfortunately it breeds jealousy as well.

Jealousy is an illness of a kind, just as flu or yellow fever, bridge habit or nocturia.

Men as well as women are liable to catch it, but in most cases jealousy rises to a high temperature with women in general, and to boiling point with wives.

The married woman, in Europe and especially amongst the Latin races, is known to be awfully jealous. Sometimes she is jealous on account of true love, sometimes because she is afraid of losing her position.

ON THE other hand, are husbands jealous to the same way? Not always, I dare say, as you may judge by the following story which I was told about one day in Madrid.

It happened some time ago. There was a political leader with a great influence and a very pretty spouse who was greatly in love with a handsome Spaniard; Herrera was the latter's name.

One day Herrera called boldly on the political leader and asked him support to obtain a big job in the civil service. The husband looked at the handsome Herrera with cynical magnificence, mixed with a really superb irony, and said:

"My dear sir, I have got two jobs at your disposal: I can appoint you to be the governor either of the goal at X... or of the madhouse at Z... or you can get the governorship of the goal, everybody will think that I have sent you there myself, and should you get the madhouse, everyone will think that my wife has sent you there."

JEALOUSY is NOT only the consequence of an exclusive love; it can as well be the result of deep diplomacy from either consort. You certainly know that there are some married women who in fact do not love their husbands madly, but they often pretend to be very jealous of their partner in pursuance of the two following principles:

1—It is extremely unbecoming to a man to be loved passionately by his wife.

2—It is immensely gratifying to man's selfishness to see that one's wife strongly objects to sharing her husband's affection with another woman.

We novelists are very often asked for advice by fair readers. Speaking of jealousy, I won't ever forget the interview I had with a blonde unknown lady who one day was shown into my studio and said to me:

"Monsieur, you shall never know my name! I am one of your readers, and I wish you could help me with your advice. Here are the facts: I have been married for three years with a big chap of 44, full of himself and with plenty of money. I have never been in love with him nor do I care for his whereabouts."

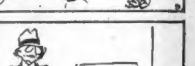
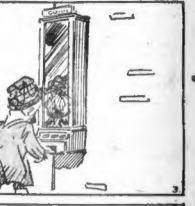
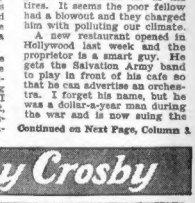
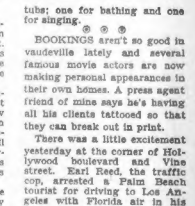
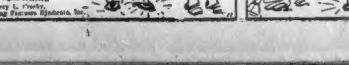
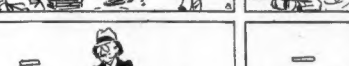
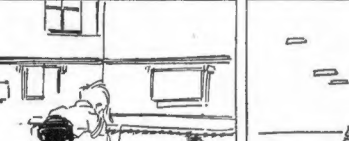
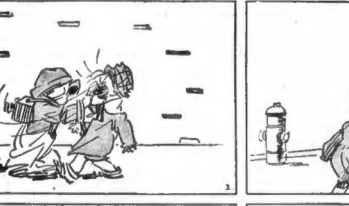
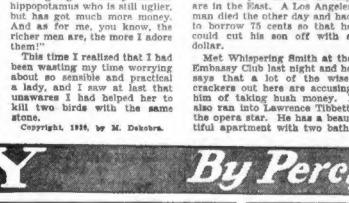
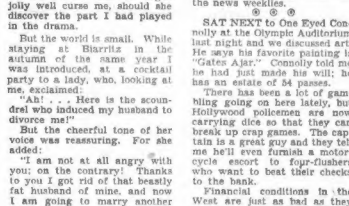
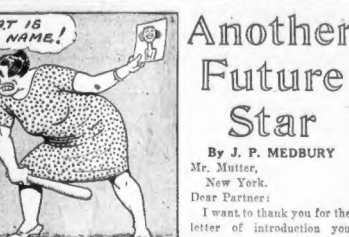
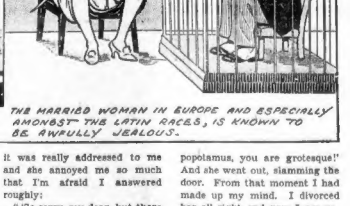
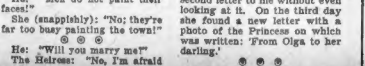
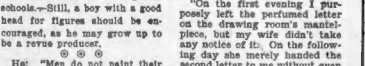
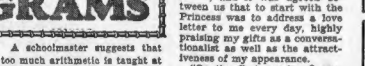
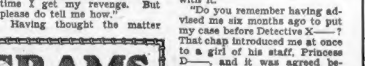
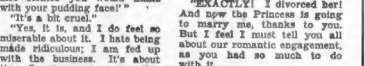
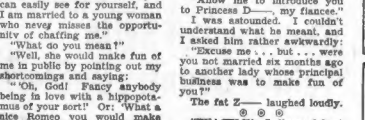
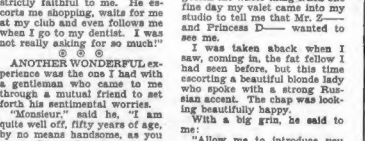
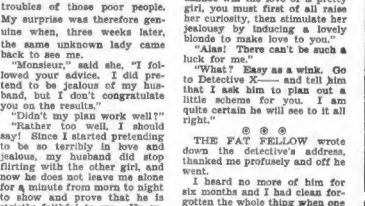
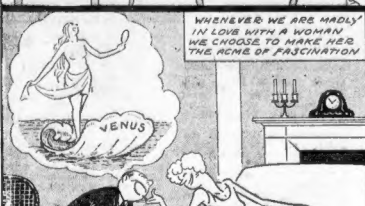
"Then everything is O. K." "Not at all, everything is wrong. My husband has been flirting for some time with a friend of mine and I am afraid he is going to run away."

"It's your fault, Madam. Instead of drifting from your husband, as you have done, you ought at least to pretend being in love with him."

"But how?"

"By making him think and showing him that you are jealous."

THE YOUNG LADY seemed



Another Future Star

By J. P. MEDBURY
Mr. Mutt,
New York.

Dear Partner:

I want to thank you for the letter of introduction you sent me to that girl friend of yours in Beverly Hills. She may be a turtle dove to you, but she's only a scarecrow to me.

What's one man's chicken is another man's hash. She's the smartest little inguinal I ever met; she says NO in seven languages. I wouldn't exactly call her a gold digger, but if she has a birth mark, I'll bet it's a dollar sign.

Like all the rest of your dames she's anxious to get into pictures and wants me to help her. I'm trying to get her a job now, committing suicide for the new western.

SAT NEXT to One Eyed Comely at the Olympic Auditorium last night and we discussed art. He says his favorite painting is "Gates Ajar." Comely told me he had just made his will; he has an estate of 84 paces.

There has been a lot of gambling going on here lately, but Hollywood policemen are now carrying dice so that they can break up crap games. The captain is a great guy and they tell me he'll even furnish a motorcycle escort to four-flushers who want to beat their checks to the bank.

Financial conditions in the West are just as bad as they are in the East. A Los Angeles man died the other day and had to borrow 75 cents so that he could cut his son off with a dollar.

Met Whispering Smith at the Embassy Club last night and he says that a lot of the wisecrackers out here are accusing him of taking bush money. I also ran into Lawrence Tibbett, the opera star. He has a beautiful apartment with two bath-

tubs; one for bathing and one for singing.

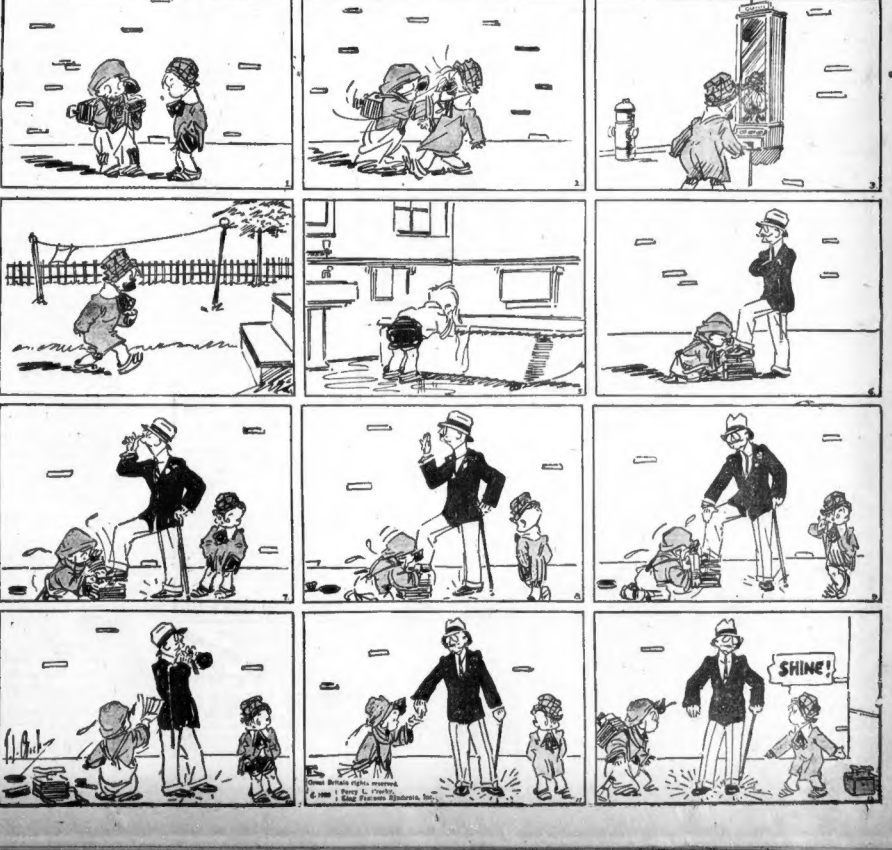
BOOKINGS aren't so good in vaudeville lately and several famous movie actors are now making personal appearances in their own homes. A press agent friend of mine says he's having all his clients tattooed so that they can break out in print.

There was a little excitement yesterday at the corner of Hollywood boulevard and Vine street. Earl Reed, the traffic cop, arrested a Palm Beach tourist for driving to Los Angeles with Florida air in his tires. It seems the poor fellow had a blowout and they charged him with polluting our climate.

A new restaurant opened in Hollywood last week and the proprietor is a smart guy. He gets the Salvation Army band to play in front of his cafe so that he can advertise an orchestra. I forget his name, but he was a dollar-a-year man during the war and is now suing the

Continued on Next Page, Column 1

SKIPPY By Percy Crosby



PEPPYGRAMS

"There is nothing worse, to my mind, than splitting infinitives," declares a schoolmaster. Splitting headaches, in our opinion, are much worse.

First she's in your thoughts at lot. She has many charms; Soon she's in your motor car; Then she's in your arms.

Then she's in your family; Oh, a lachry! Then, of course, for someone she is in your eye.

A schoolmaster suggests that too much arithmetic is taught at schools—Still, a boy with a good head for figures should be encouraged, as he may grow up to be a reverse producer.

Men do not paint their faces! She (snappily): "No; they're far too busy with the towel!"

Will you marry me? The schoolmaster: "No, I'm afraid not."

Oh, come on, he's a sucker!

Land and PER by Montague Glass

College Course in Evil

"I SEE where a lady by the name Mrs. Cora Harris has been appointed Professor of Evil at Rollins College, Florida, Maunus," Abe Potash remarked the other day. "This is the first time that any college has appointed a professor of Evil, and I suppose, the Board of Trustees always supposed that the students could teach the professors more evil than the professors had ever learned, but seemingly this here Mrs. Cora Harris must be an expert, ain't it?"

"Not necessarily," Morris Perlmutter said, "or not from personal experience, but I suppose she can give lectures on Evil and what to do for it, and at the same time be as good as gold herself, just like a professor at a medical college who gives lectures on stomach trouble and at the same time have a digestion like an ox, ain't it?"

"Well, that depends on whether this here Mrs. Harris is going to be a Professor of miscellaneous and assorted, or whether she is going to be a Professor of some special sort of Evil such as—well, for example—shooting craps and gambling generally," Abe said.

"If boys and girls at Rollins College must go to be taught Evil, y'understand, and I suppose, auction pinochle, Maunus—naturally to get their moneyworth out of the course, they should ought to be taught auction pinochle by an old-time pinochle player who has lost thousands of dollars at the game."

"THEN IFS your idea that a Professor of Evil should be a horrible example as well as a professor," Morris remarked. "Not exactly, Maunus, but my idea is that nobody can teach auction pinochle unless he learns it by losing his shirt in such cutthroat like you and Leon Hammett," Abe said.

"In that so?" Morris remarked. "And I suppose you yourself know so little about the game after devoting the last year of your life to it that a deck of forty-eight cards is practically a closed book to you."

"I don't claim that I am an absolute stranger to the game, Maunus," Abe admitted, "but what I do say is that outside of auction pinochle and making too much coffee every morning for breakfast, y'understand, ain't sufficiently experienced in miscellaneous evil to teach First Grade Evil in Rollins College."



Some competitor to Rollins College will start a course in Evil which will be taught by an expert who can produce ten years references from Quentin, Sing Sing, Joliet and Fort Leavenworth.

enough money to compete with his regular business of safe blowing unless it would be Harvard, Yale or Princeton.

"Furthermore," Morris said, "Violent College has got it all figured out that a Professor of Evil like Mrs. Cora Harris wouldn't have to be one of those experienced Professors of Evil like Mike the Bite or even an ex-convict who has been highly recommended by the Parole Boards of six states."

"Any such Professor of Evil might in a moment of enthusiasm, while giving a course in Advanced Forgery, make such a scholarly imitation of President H. V. Harrington on a check for a thousand dollars that his own bank wouldn't know the difference, whereas Mrs. Harris probably don't know a sliver from a pair of brass knuckles."

"Well, to my mind, Maunus, she ain't no Professor to teach Evil," Abe said. "Supposing, for instance, that she flunked out in Elementary Embroidery and gives him only a C in Petty Larceny, y'understand, the student's parents are bound to kick."

"They will argue that any night in a moment of enthusiasm, while giving a course in Advanced Forgery, make such a scholarly imitation of President H. V. Harrington on a check for a thousand dollars that his own bank wouldn't know the difference, whereas Mrs. Harris probably don't know a sliver from a pair of brass knuckles."

"Then all I can say is that some competitor to Rollins College like Wake Forest University or the J. J. Williams University of Cyprus, Ill., will start a course in Evil which will be taught by an expert who can produce ten years references from Quentin, Sing Sing, Joliet and Fort Leavenworth," Abe declared.



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parents who pay three hundred and fifty a year tuition fees to Rollins College, to have their son taught, among other things, Evil, y'understand, are entitled to know from his marks whether or not the boy is making progress in Forgery, Wilful Murder and Arson in the First Degree, and how can they trust a respectably lady like Mrs. Harris to judge of the boy's ability, when in all probability she never so much as matched a handbag in the subway, so honest she is?"

"For my part, Abe, I have no sympathy with such parents," Morris said. "It is simply throwing money away to pay for a course in Evil. For thousands of years, Abe, men, women and children have been absolutely self-taught in every branch of Evil."

"In fact, some of our biggest experts in forgery and larceny never took any Evil lessons in their whole lives, so if you were a parent, Abe, would you send your son to Rollins College to learn Evil?"

"Or anything else," Abe added in conclusion.

"But, my dear, I think he's an A-HA HOWL, no least?" Morris said.

"They walked out to the quarter lock where they found the steward and several other members of the crew occupying the double deck chairs. Burghery, sir—but orders is orders."



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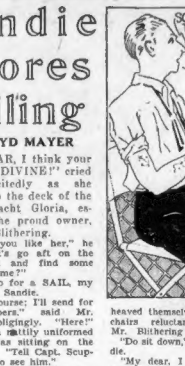
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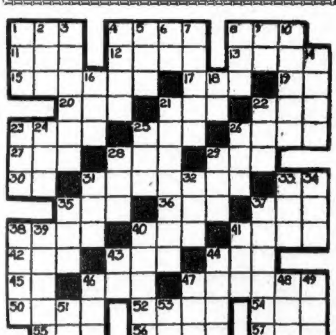
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CROSSWORD PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

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By J. P. MEDBURY

Continued from Preceding Page.

Every time I go into Henry's for a cup of coffee I notice two or three studio officials in there surrounded by gag men. I guess these executives have to keep their wits about them."

WENT UP to the Montmartre the other evening to see Ben Morris.

He was sitting at a table in the kitchen. He was hawking the chef out for cooking good beef and cabbage in his new lettuce drum."

51 Common Errors in Bridge

By W. W. Wentworth

Error No. 18.—Failure to Analyze Opponent's Opening Lead.

THE RIDING: South bids one spade and all pass. There are many advanced players who would not bid on a K X X X without a side defensive trick, but it is safe to open on a hand such as the following.

THE PRINCIPLE: The lead of a spade is a long suit usually indicates a singleton. The correct method: Declarer observes the opening lead and examining the dummy, notices that the play is through a long suit. The probabilities are that the lead is a singleton. No finesse is attempted, the trick being taken with the diamond Ace. Declarer then draws trumps and thereafter establishes diamonds to make game.



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Write this down! Pepsin Seltzer

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They Revitalize the System—Induce Youthful Activity—Keep Body in Splendid Condition—Free From Fat.

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CONFESSIONS OF A DETECTIVE by Damon Runyon

Ransom for a Wife

I GLANCED at the card the clerk handed me one day as I sat in my office in the Eagle Orb Agency, and told him to admit Mr. Perry O. Wagglestaff, who turned out to be a thin, severe-looking man of middle age, wearing a pince nez and a derby hat. Mr. Wagglestaff seemed greatly worried.

"My wife, Mrs. Wagglestaff, has been kidnapped by a band of desperate bandits in Harlem, and is being held for \$5000 ransom," he said.

"Have you reported it to the police?" I asked.

"No," said Mr. Wagglestaff. "I haven't reported it because the letter notifying me of the kidnapping states that if I go to the police I will never see her again. Furthermore, I wish to avoid the publicity of such a proceeding."

"The letter directs me to place a package containing the cash in the street rubbish can at 310th st. and Broadway at midnight tomorrow night, and to leave the spot at once in a taxi-cab. My wife is to be returned to me within the following hour."

"WELL," I SAID, "if you want your wife, and don't want to go to the police, I don't know but what it might be a good idea for you to leave the ransom money as directed—that is, if you have the five thousand."

"I have it, all right," said Mr. Wagglestaff. "I am considered a rich man. But the reason I have called on you is because this is the third time in a year my wife, Mrs. Wagglestaff, has been kidnapped and I have paid ransom for her. The first time it was \$1000, the second time it was \$2000, and now they want five."

"The same mob had always kidnapped her?" I asked, amazed.

"No," said Mr. Wagglestaff. "The first time it was a gang in the Bronx, and the second time it was a gang in Yorkville. Now it is Harlem."

"The first time I had to leave the money in a following under a tree in Van Cortlandt Park, and the second time I was required to place it in an empty cigar box at the foot of the Columbus statue in Columbus Circle. Each time my wife, Mrs. Wagglestaff, soon afterward returned home, in a bad, nervous state."

"She must have had some thrilling adventures with those desperate bandits," I said.

"She did," he replied. "What I want to find out is why these kidnappers pick on Mrs. Wagglestaff. There are so many other women in this town they could kidnap once in a while."

"I WILL TAKE the case, Mr. Wagglestaff," I said, and I



"I'LL DOUBLE YOU TO \$5000!"

"He was to leave \$5000 in currency in the rubbish can at 310th st. and Broadway, and I watched the scene from a point nearby."

Mr. Wagglestaff at first murmured to this arrangement because his letters from the kidnappers said that if they found he had anyone watch for them, they would visit him later and kill not only his wife but himself, too. In the end, however, he accepted my judgment.

"I FOUND an empty apartment in a building just across the street from the appointed rubbish can and bribed the superintendent of the building to let me post myself therein the following night."

Thus at midnight I saw Mr. Wagglestaff step out of a taxi-cab, approach the rubbish can and toss a package into it, then retreat in his car. The corner of Broadway and 110th st. is fairly active at that hour but no one paid any attention to a man throwing something into a rubbish can, because it is very rarely that anything of value is thrown into rubbish cans in New York. They are designed mainly for rubbish.

Not over ten minutes had elapsed when I saw the figure of a woman approach the can, hastily remove the package, and go on. I was about to step out—just as hastily that when I got

out of the apartment she had completely disappeared.

"I MADE a mistake in picking out a rubbish can, but I had made a mistake in picking out a man to pick up the package," said Mr. Wagglestaff. "I am not a rich man, but I am a man of means, and I am not a man of means, but I am a man of means."

"I am not a rich man, but I am a man of means, and I am not a man of means, but I am a man of means," said Mr. Wagglestaff. "I am not a rich man, but I am a man of means, and I am not a man of means, but I am a man of means."

Hit Him Once and Get a Cigar!

By O. O. McIntyre

SOME THINGS I'd like to do: Drop into the old home town in a private car. Wear evening clothes like Michael Arlen.

Make up hilarious stories as you go along like Irvin Cobb.

Think up a book title like "Trumpet in the Dust." How to ladies like Jean Patou, the Paris dressmaker. Mingle with important writers without feeling unpleasant.

Jump out of bed and begin whistling instead of groaning around.

Put over a stage song like William Gaxton. Tell an impertinent traffic cop where to go.

Buy out every dog store in town and give each dog a good home.

Indulge in airy perillages as neatly as Charles Hanson Towne.

Be as modestly self effacing as Gene Tunney.

Fashion a cartoon character as lovable as "Skippy."

Express the personality that George M. Cohan does.

Hit upon an idea as original as William Ripley.

Make an after dinner speech like Montague Glass.

Ride a horse like John McE. Bowman.

Train a mistake like Paul Whitman.

Be as loyal as my dog.

Be courteous to the few persons I do not like.

Cook a meal like Robert H. Davis.

Have the self-composure of Carl L. Seltz.



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Mr. Wagglestaff at first murmured to this arrangement because his letters from the kidnappers said that if they found he had anyone watch for them, they would visit him later and kill not only his wife but himself, too. In the end, however, he accepted my judgment.

"I FOUND an empty apartment in a building just across the street from the appointed rubbish can and bribed the superintendent of the building to let me post myself therein the following night."

Thus at midnight I saw Mr. Wagglestaff step out of a taxi-cab, approach the rubbish can and toss a package into it, then retreat in his car. The corner of Broadway and 110th st. is fairly active at that hour but no one paid any attention to a man throwing something into a rubbish can, because it is very rarely that anything of value is thrown into rubbish cans in New York. They are designed mainly for rubbish.

Not over ten minutes had elapsed when I saw the figure of a woman approach the can, hastily remove the package, and go on. I was about to step out—just as hastily that when I got

out of the apartment she had completely disappeared.

"I MADE a mistake in picking out a rubbish can, but I had made a mistake in picking out a man to pick up the package," said Mr. Wagglestaff. "I am not a rich man, but I am a man of means, and I am not a man of means, but I am a man of means."

"I am not a rich man, but I am a man of means, and I am not a man of means, but I am a man of means," said Mr. Wagglestaff. "I am not a rich man, but I am a man of means, and I am not a man of means, but I am a man of means."

KRAZY KAT By Herriman



"I'LL DOUBLE YOU TO \$5000!"



"I'LL DOUBLE YOU TO \$5000!"



"I'LL DOUBLE YOU TO \$5000!"



"I'LL DOUBLE YOU TO \$5000!"

Howe About It A Belief in Being Stingy

By ED HOWE

I NOTE that some days I am specially stingy. I even dislike paying the wash-woman when in this mood. I then realize I am too stingy, and correct myself.

But as a rule I believe in being stingy; seven-tenths of failures in life are due to lack of proper stinginess.

In Kansas City last year there were a thousand restaurants. Five hundred of them failed; but six hundred new ones took their places. Half the new men who fail in 1930, and new men take their places; there will always be too many restaurants in Kansas City and everywhere.

It is a pretty good story, if you think of it. Farmers fail, and new men take their places; there will always be too many farmers. Bankers fail; other banks take their places; there will always be too many banks.

There are plenty of failures, but no scarcity of anything.

cowboys and cowgirls in the audience. So the singers gave a ragged performance, believing that in Texas no one would know the difference.

But down in front sat an old and capable grand opera singer who had married a local man. Next to her sat a local newspaper reporter and neighbor. Between them they printed a criticism that was just, intelligent and a lambasting so deserved that it was applauded all over the country.

Always the hundred or million in the audience know more than the one or twenty on the stage.

EVERYONE MUST be a fairly good amateur philosopher if he hopes to get along reasonably well; he must know and admit the truth, and act upon it.

In a world as hypocritical as this it may be best to occasionally pretend to be a sentimentalist, if you would thrive. Personally I do not believe hypocrisy is ever a good idea, but others do, and so I submit to the gabbling majority.

One thing you must know is that those who get along, who take care of themselves (and usually of two or three others) are our best and most useful men.

There is nothing whatever in the popular theory that the poor are best behaved, know most and are most deserving. Getting along is the yard stick by which people are measured. The best men in any community are those who do most for it. Their example is best; they have most intelligence; their word is most dependable.

In private let us continue to apologize by saying we are poor because we are honest, but privately we must know better.

Ha! Ha! Ha!

MOVING MADE EASY

Need to pay instalment on your furniture?

Ignore the resulting warning. Permit the moving man to remove your household goods unmolested.

Hurry to furniture store, arriving just before moving van. Bring your payments up to date.

Have furniture moved to your new address.

There was a rumour in the family. The daughter of the house had come in an hour ago with the news that she was engaged to Alphonse Shrivertville, and no one approved her choice. Mother had done her best to dissuade her; now it was father's turn.

"My dear Millie," he said, "you would be making the biggest mistake of your life. Surely you couldn't bring yourself to marry such an awful flat as that fellow! Take my advice and think twice over it."

Millie tossed her head back in defiance.

"Why shouldn't I marry him?" she rejoined. "He may be a flat; but having a car, a house of his own, and ten thousand a year, he is at least a flat with every modern convenience."

Man in Elevator: "Fourth floor, please."

Elevator Man: "Here you are, sir."

Man in Elevator: "How dare you call me 'sir'! You're not my father!"

Elevator Man: "My dear sir, I brought you up; didn't I?"

Business Man (engaging typist): "And what are your qualifications?"

She: "Well, I can type a little and I can do a perfectly splendid dancer."

"It appears to me a woman cry," declared a writer. Most married men agree that it usually affects the wife.

"She gave her partner a cutting glass," said a writer in a recent. And so, of course, he had diamonds.

A fashion writer refers to "the surprise wait." But it's the surprise wait that worries so many people.

\$1,106.50 IN AWARDS

—For Correct Solutions of Tercentenary Radio Mystery Messages

29 Awards—Start Now! Everyone Has a Chance to Win!

FIRST AWARD \$595.00 SECOND AWARD \$236.50 THIRD AWARD \$125.00

—composed of a Sperton Radio, Model III, complete with tubes, value \$395.00.

GIVEN BY SPARKS, WITHINGTON CO.

—and a cash award of \$200.00.

—composed of a Philco Screen-Grid Console Radio, with tubes, value \$136.50.

GIVEN BY MAY DISTRIBUTORS, INC., AND MILHENDER ELEC. SUPPLY CO.

—and a cash award of \$100.00.

—composed of a Crosley "Romio" Auto Radio, without tubes, value \$75.00.

GIVEN BY WETMORE, SAVAGE AUTO EQUIPMENT CO.

—and a cash award of \$50.00.

FOURTH AWARD IN CASH \$25.00

FIFTH AWARD IN CASH \$15.00

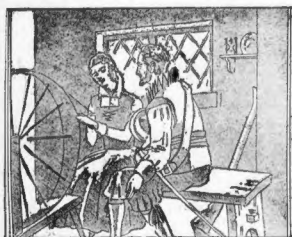
SIXTH AWARD IN CASH \$10.00

TWENTY AWARDS IN CASH OF \$5.00 ea.

Everything you need to start with is here, on this page. See how easy it is. Just read each message, study the picture with it, and you will have a definite clue to the missing word. Clip and save them until all messages have been given—and you may be one of the fortunate persons to receive a splendid award. Think of the thrill of winning a beautiful radio, or cash, or BOTH! Here's something unique and educational that everyone will enjoy. Begin today.

Listen in Week Days on Station WHDH at 11:00 a.m. and 6:45 p.m. See Boston American for Time on WNAC

PICTURE CLUE MYSTERY MESSAGE No. 1



NO. 1

MY COMPLETE MYSTERY MESSAGE IS

"IF THE GREAT CAPTAIN OF PLYMOUTH IS SO VERY EAGER TO WED ME, WHY DOES HE NOT COME HIMSELF AND TAKE THE TROUBLE TO—ME?"

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

TOWN

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

PICTURE CLUE MYSTERY MESSAGE No. 2



NO. 2

MY COMPLETE MYSTERY MESSAGE IS

"WAR'S BEGUN
—DONE"

—JOHN LOVELL

NAME

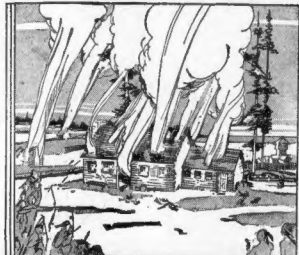
ADDRESS

CITY

TOWN

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

PICTURE CLUE MYSTERY MESSAGE No. 3



NO. 3

MY COMPLETE MYSTERY MESSAGE IS

"Don't ——— Until You See
the Whites of Their Eyes."

—COL. WILLIAM PRESCOTT

NAME

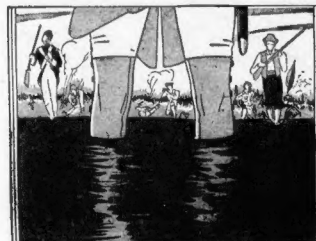
ADDRESS

CITY

TOWN

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

PICTURE CLUE MYSTERY MESSAGE No. 4



NO. 4

MY COMPLETE MYSTERY MESSAGE IS

"I HOPE I SHALL DIE UP TO
MY ——— IN BLOOD"

—GEN. JOSEPH WARREN

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

TOWN

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

PICTURE CLUE MYSTERY MESSAGE No. 5



NO. 5

MY COMPLETE MYSTERY MESSAGE IS

"TO BE PREPARED FOR— IS
ONE OF THE MOST EFFECTUAL
MEANS OF PRESERVING PEACE."

—GEORGE WASHINGTON

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

TOWN

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

TODAY'S PICTURE CLUE MESSAGE No. 7

RULES GOVERNING AWARDS

- Beginning Monday, May 12, every day, including Sunday, for twenty-nine days, a message will be broadcast over Radio WHDH and WNAC. Each message will be broadcast and contestants will supply their own message. Everyone is invited to receive these messages and learn the missing word or words with the help of a clue in the form of a picture published in the Boston Evening American and Sunday Advertiser. This picture will illustrate the missing word. On the thirtieth or last message the picture alone will be published and contestants will supply their own message to fill the picture.
- Good in cash will be paid by the American and Advertiser to readers who send in the nearest correct and complete sets of solutions to the thirty messages, and other valuable awards will be made.
- Persons residing in New England are allowed to participate in these twenty-nine messages of the Boston Evening American and Sunday Advertiser, their immediate relatives and families.
- Hold all messages until you have the complete set of thirty (30). Then send them all in together in one package addressed to the Radio Mystery Message Editor, Boston American-Advertiser, 5 Walthrop Square, P. O. Box 185, Boston, Mass., within the period to be specified later in this newspaper.
- Messages need not be extracts from speeches of famous men and women, from poems, from correspondence or other reliable sources, and each extract will be matter of known record and the missing word must be the exact word used in the original message.
- Each package sent in must be fully prepaid, first class postage. Packages received with insufficient postage will not be opened. You must send in as many sets as you wish, but no person will be entitled to more than one award.
- In case there are no complete sets of correct solutions submitted, awards will be given to the persons submitting the nearest correct solutions, giving weight to all messages. In case there are no solutions to the twenty-nine messages are identical, awards will be made on the basis of the nearest correct solution and skill in supplying the thirtieth or final message.
- The messages must be given correct, and the last or ORIGINAL MESSAGE deemed the best, will win the principal award.
- The Boston Evening American and Sunday Advertiser reserves the right to make any change in, or addition to, these conditions that it may deem necessary for the safety and proper conduct of the contest. The claim of the Tercentenary Radio Mystery Message Editor on any question which may arise will be absolutely final and the entering of a participant is a complete acceptance of all conditions and regulations made now or to be made.

Begin TODAY. Complete these seven messages. Message No. 8 will appear in Monday's Boston Evening American. Remember—do NOT send in your answers until all the messages are completed.



NO. 7

MY COMPLETE MYSTERY MESSAGE IS
"TIS TRUE OUR POLICY TO
CLEAR OF PERMANENT ALLIANCES
WITH ANY PORTION OF THE FOREIGN
WORLD"

—GEORGE WASHINGTON

NAME

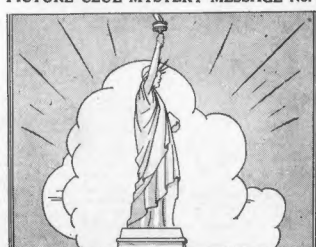
ADDRESS

CITY

TOWN

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

PICTURE CLUE MYSTERY MESSAGE No. 6



NO. 6

MY COMPLETE MYSTERY MESSAGE IS

"GIVE ME
OR GIVE ME DEATH"

—PATRICK HENRY

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

TOWN

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Tune in TODAY on WHDH at 5:25 P. M. and WNAC 8:30 P. M.

PROHIBITION MAKING YOUTH 'DRINK CONSCIOUS'

'London Parley Leaves Mediterranean Problem a Menace to Peace'—Herriot



HAVOC—A vivid aerial view (below) of the devastating effect of airplane bombs upon a big warship. The once-famous U. S. Battleship Alabama just after a group of Army bombing planes had "attacked" her in Chesapeake Bay several years ago. A 2,500-pound aerial bomb, striking at the base of the mainmast sank the Alabama, at the climax of a series of tests, led by General William Mitchell, to demonstrate the efficacy of airplanes against warships. At left, one of the latest type of Martin bombers recently tested for the U. S. Navy. It is constructed like a fast fighting plane and carries a 7,000-pound bomb. International Newsphoto.

EX-PREMIER SEES PERIL OF NEW ARMAMENT RACE

"Tripartite Treaty Has Deceived Pacifists and Imperialists Alike; Italy Is Turning Again to a Programme of Warship Building."

By **EDOUARD HERRIOT**,
Former Premier of France.
By Special Cable.

THE marine battleground for the greater part of the civilized world since the dawn of history, the Mediterranean Sea, has consequently been of paramount importance and will continue to be to those European nations earnestly seeking the means of insuring permanent world peace. The London Conference, however, which met ostensibly to undertake the question of naval disarmament, has left the Mediterranean problem unsolved.

The incompleteness of the work of the London Conference already has been indicated in the speech of April 22 by Senator Robinson, of the United States delegation. I was impressed exceedingly by what he said. As a matter of truth, the absence of an accord between the Mediterranean powers represents a grave omission. Italy demands parity with France, while the latter declares herself unable to reduce her naval programme without supplementary guarantees of security.

Senator Robinson, evidently speaking in the name of the delegation, stated frankly that the United States never will participate in a consultative pact implying such guarantees. I have made the effort of loyalty necessary to understand Robinson's viewpoint. He thinks and says that an equitable limitation of armaments constitutes in itself "a measure of efficient and complete security." But he is wary of accords that may well degenerate into alliances, and he has undertaken to preserve absolute liberty of action for his country.

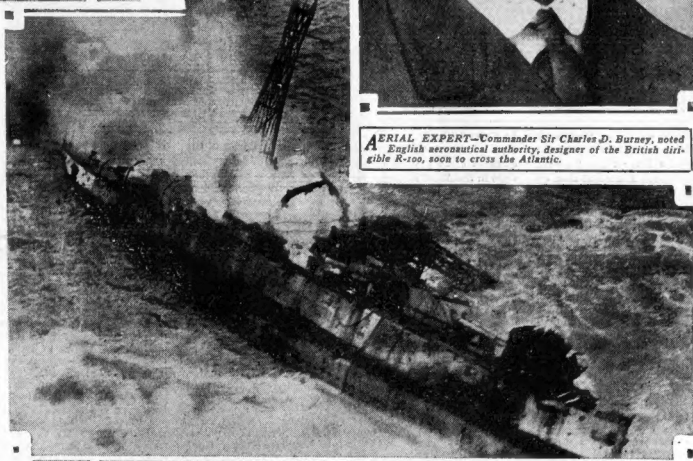
Speaking Plainly
French Democrats Agree Old System Must Go.

Let us be frank. When the American Senator comments the old system of alliances, we think we French Democrats—that he is right. When he thinks that the limitation of armaments such as that established at the London Conference is sufficient to guarantee peace, we think he is wrong, and we tell him so respectfully.

To leave the problem of the Mediterranean without a solution—with France and

Italy lying face to face, with England as an ally—is a grave danger. To demonstrate the truth of this even for America is quite simple: The Treaty of London, we are told, will permit the United States to construct a war-fleet whose tonnage will be substantially reduced over that of the past. Good. But if, in making use of the right which Senator Robinson recognizes a nation possesses to defend itself as it sees fit, Italy enlarges her fleet—she has announced her intention of so doing—and if France, wishing to insure the safety of her world affairs proportionately augments her own; if England in her turn makes use of this safety clause to construct supplementary units, the United States will also be forced to develop her programme, to remain faithful to the formula of parity, or I am badly mistaken.

If this reasoning is fair, as I think it is, the problem of the Mediterranean without a solution—with France and



Big Aircraft to Move Coast Defense 300 Miles Out to Sea, Says Burney

By **COMMANDER SIR CHARLES D. BURNEY**,
Designer of the giant British airship R-100, plans for the trans-Atlantic flight of which have attracted wide attention.

LONDON, April, 1930.

IN attempting to deal with so large a question as the influence upon sea power of aviation as a whole, and that of the new flying boats in particular, I can only treat the subject in bare outline in a short article. I shall seem somewhat dogmatic by having to state my views categorically instead of elaborating in detail the arguments upon which they are based.

To start with, taxpayers must be somewhat perturbed when they remember that highly placed admirals in both the British and United States navies have stated that aircraft have rendered the battleship obsolete, and they witness all the important governments of the world spending hundreds of millions of dollars upon battleship construction and maintenance.

Nor is their anxiety lessened when they read in the newspapers that London for the past three months has been the scene of a prolonged conference between five of the great nations of the world, aimed to determine the size of their respective



AERIAL EXPERT—Commander Sir Charles D. Burney, noted English aeronautical authority, designer of the British dirigible R-100, soon to cross the Atlantic.

a whole and Japan are the only political entities that need navies and may be forced to maintain them for as long as we can see into the future. To see why this may be so, let us examine the position in some detail.

First, it is a complete fallacy to suppose that because the merchandise of the world will in the main always travel by sea, the means we employ to defend or attack that seaborne merchandise must also travel upon the sea.

Main Object
Fleet's Duty Is to Keep Sea Safe for Cargoes.

Second, the main object of a fleet is not to fight the enemy fleet. That is only a means to an end. The main object of a fleet is to preserve the sea for the safe passage of its own transports and merchant vessels and to deny the sea to the transports and merchant vessels of the enemy.

Our experience in the Great War showed us the truth of this statement: though the seas were swept of all German and other enemy merchant ships during the opening stages, the battleships did not meet until 1916, and even then, when battle was finally joined, neither fleet was destroyed.

Suppose, however, aircraft are capable of destroying merchant vessels with comparative ease and that warships cannot prevent that destruction from taking place. Then it seems clear that a navy cannot protect its own transports and merchant vessels. It would in fact have failed to perform the duty for which it was built and would be obsolete.

Broadly speaking, I contend that the seas within three hundred miles of the coast line have passed, or will within a few years pass, to the control of the air, and nothing that a waterborne vessel can do will alter this condition.

Says Mrs. Archibald Roosevelt

'CHILDREN GROWING UP AMID EFFECTS OF CRIME, HYPOCRISY, CORRUPTION'

"I Am Not for Nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment, I Am for Its Repeal; Temperance Is the Important Thing," Declares the Daughter-in-Law of Former President.

By **MRS. ARCHIBALD B. ROOSEVELT**,
As Told to Earl Rensselaer.

I FIRST became interested in the subject of prohibition because of my children and the devastating effect of crime, hypocrisy and corruption amid which they were growing up. It is natural that a woman's approach to such a national question be personal. But I think that may be a safeguard of national sanity. If, through all the theories and isms and misrepresentations—and there are misrepresentations on both sides—enough women see this issue clearly in its bearing upon the home, then we will have progress toward prohibition reform.

Much confused thought exists. Figures, conflicting and contradictory, can be used and abused by either side.

The so-called "moral" issue is invoked to fog clear perception of the facts. The militant dry flings over his shoulder the cloak of religion, endeavoring to give his cause a sanctity such as forbids calm, reasoned examination.

The politicians shuffle the prohibition issue confusingly among our vote-getting questions of the hour. Every reader knows that these things are true; and therefore, I would like, first, to cut through all this confusion to point out a vital phase of the situation about which there can be no doubt.

Home Deserted
Children Out of It More Than Is It.

Children, through hearing the discussion of prohibition all day long, have become "drink conscious," as never before. Simultaneously, during the last decade, home conditions have changed enormously. Our children spend more time away from home than in it. With the automobile their range of activity is greatly increased.

Not so long ago in the home we could exercise almost complete responsibility over our children. Now, that responsibility must be shared with the community at large, with the school, with the places of entertainment away from home.

What will it avail us to keep our homes temperate if the speakeasies exist at our very doorstep? And, if these speakeasies young women and children are allowed as they were never allowed in the saloon. And if everywhere hip-flasks are the order of the day.

Women's Duty
"We Must Assure Right Outside Environment."

We do not want the saloon back but I say that under the conditions I have outlined—and everyone knows the facts are true—a new and grave duty faces the women of this country. That we have built up a favorable home environment for our children we have always known; but today as never before it becomes our duty to see that right conditions prevail in their outside environment.



MRS. ARCHIBALD ROOSEVELT, wife of former President Roosevelt's third son, who explains her views on prohibition in the accompanying article.

to Harvard, I am quite aware that college boys always have done some drinking. I think unquestionably the evidence indicates that they are drinking more or stronger drinks. I venture this in spite of the occasional questioning reports from college presidents. They do not always know the "drinking facts" of colleges, and with them, there is, at least, a slight leaning against over-emphasis, anyway, of anything which might damage the standing of their colleges.

But twenty years ago girls never thought of taking a cocktail before dinner, or during a party. Drinking just wasn't considered nice. And as for serving it to young men, how far we have traveled. It should be understood

Kathleen Norris: 'Women Accused of Destroying Civilization, But in Reality They Are Its Best Friends'

'Noted Eugenist Firm in His Charges; I Wonder What His Wife Would Say?'

By KATHLEEN NORRIS.

A VERY FAMOUS Norwegian doctor came to our town recently; one Jon Alfred Mjoe—world renowned eugenist.

He says that women are destroying civilization. That they have turned away from their natural modes of expression in the home and family, and in their attempts to fill men's positions, are sapping the strength of the race.

Madame Mjoe did not accompany her husband on this trip, but a pretty young daughter, one of six children, did.

It must be a gratifying thing to be sure of yourself; to travel in strange countries, complacent and smiling, casually tossing off to American women the generality that they are destroying civilization.

One would like to interview Madame Mjoe on the subject, especially on some rainy Monday morning, when two of the younger children were at home with heavy colds, the laundry was not counted, the cook was packing to leave, and a report from school suggested delicately that the superintendent of the eighth grade would like to see the mother of Jon, Junior, regarding tardiness, inattention, and a "D" rating.

Not easily have American women achieved the present economic and political status—indeed, one might almost say, not willingly.

Thirty years ago, forty years ago, the great mass of women did not want the vote, and did not want office positions. These women, fathers, husbands or brothers could support them, and were willing to support them, accepted independence thank fully—proudly. It was not considered "nice" for girls to work—for money. They could always work—but not for money. Working girls were under a cloud—they are afraid the girls will 'ave to go to work!' said our aunts and grandmothers, shuddering.

Fortunate girls sat at home, arranging flowers, painting, sewing covers, or cologne bottles, waiting for husbands. Unlucky girls went downtown with their lunches, and with their "chateleine bags," and they were usually as reluctant as we are in offices as they were unwelcome there.

They worked harder than men, and were paid less; they



noon whistles blew.

And slowly the big wheels turned, as they became happier, healthier, a little better paid. Their clothing changed, grew short, sensible, comfortable, uniform. Tea rooms and sand-wich bars rose all about them; they grew to be a great army, pouring in and out of revolving doors, morning and night.

Along in the middle 'Nineties, when first I began to take a keen, not to say painful,

interest in the situation, any historian would have said that it would be one hundred years before women would earn living wages, full responsible positions, read newspapers, vote, interest themselves in civic problems and international politics.

It actually has taken one-quarter of that time. It has been a political and social revolution, the French Revolution, the American Revolution, were insignificant.

'Times Have Changed; We Now Worry About Other Folks' Children, Not Our Own'

And with it have come a hundred good things that didn't exist at all in our grandmothers' day; new freedom for women, new health and beauty, standards in housekeeping and budgeting, sports, responsibilities, trips, widening avenues on every side.

Destroying civilization? One wonders what the man who accused the modern woman of that CALLS civilization. Men, in the centuries when women sat back in the shadows, snubbing ambitious and restless daughters, sacrificing everything for dissipated sons—men without women made a queer mess of civilization, and it will take another few hundred years to straighten it out.

The girls, in those years, sat at home idle, unemployed for dimes and half-dollars, when the men were in good humor; plunged into wisely loyal and into years of obscurity and nursery slavery, when they married, or were laughed at and despised if nobody cared to touch them from the parent tree.

For better or worse—and it seems to us almost entitled for better—this is CHANGED. To be sure, the girls have adopted some of their brothers' vices—smoking, staying out nights to late

hours, going about as they please, paying their way, doing as they like.

But they haven't carried it half as far as the boys did, and they never will. From what certain college statistics, certain letters from mothers, certain observations of the younger crowd seem to indicate, our children are veering round toward a voluntary and enlightened decency again.

And any course of action that is voluntary and enlightened has advantages over any course that is enforced and ignorant.

To prove this, ask any mother you know about her girl and boy. Are THEY of the jarring, hip-flaked, rushing, drinking, hip-flaked crowd? I'll bet Heaven forbid! No, Mary is just a sweet old-fashioned girl, and Jim is really TOO quiet. No, it's those other young persons over the way who are the scandal.

That's one deep difference between 1900 and 1930. In 1900 we were worrying about our OWN boys—now we're piously worrying about some other woman's husband or son.

And meanwhile civilization proceeds slowly, irregularly, but always. And its best friend is the American Woman.

COURTESY, 1930 by Kathleen Norris

'Italy's Submarine Programme Rekindles Question of Naval Disarmament'—Herriot

Continued from First Page.

naval disarmament will not be solved any more than will that of the status of the Mediterranean. The first case is evidence against the second.

Norman Angell judges the difficulty admirably. In his articles in England, he pleads for an international arrangement without which there can be no peace, naval or terrestrial, in the world.

In a radioed speech April 22, Secretary Stimson said: "The work at the London Conference involved two entirely distinct naval problems: One, that of the relations between the British, American and Japanese fleets, and the other that of the relations between the British, French and Italian fleets."

"Britain Victim"
Held Principal Buffer at Naval Fair.

This is an error, in our estimation. The problem is one and indivisible.

In our judgment, Great Britain has failed to regulate the status of European fleets and consequently has solved nothing. Britain appears as the principal victim of the London Conference and the Admiralty will perceive the situation shortly.

The three entities of Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus indicate the importance to England of the Mediterranean route. The immense empire which comprises a territory one hundred and ten times greater than that of the mother country, and which represents one-fourth of the land area of the earth and one-fourth of the world's population, has its most important foothold in Asia, possessing India, Ceylon, Bala-

harian, Burma, Malay States, Straits Settlements, Singapore and the coast of Korea, and the ports of Hong Kong and Swatow. A Mediterranean disorder would be fatal for British equilibrium.

The opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 altered the face of the Old World. This passage commands the most frequented path on the globe. The creation of this time-

saving route has increased tenfold the commerce between Europe and Asia.

If the Mediterranean route were no longer free, what would become of the powerful way stations of Algiers, Port Said, Aden, Colombo, and Singapore? The Mediterranean ceased to be a European lake; it is a world thoroughfare.

In thinking thus we place ourselves in purely a French viewpoint. Certainly our country has a most eloquent need of a free Mediterranean.

Even as early as 1911 of the danger to our country of being separated from Algeria, which forms three of

four torpedo boats and 22 submarines. The budget of the Italian Navy in 1922 was 614 million lire; it was raised in 1929 to 1,200 millions and in 1930 to 1,475 millions.

With her new constructions, our neighbor will possess 54 submarines; that is, the same quantity that England, the United States and Japan agreed upon for themselves at London. It is not only France but England as well who see a break-up of the traditional logical equilibrium.

Let me give another example of the gravity of the present disorder. Germany, cotton, silk, wool, iron and minerals. It is well understood that she wishes to develop her foreign commerce. It is a question of what are the needs of a nation with three colonies, Libya, Eritrea and Somalia, and of a nation like France, whose colonial domain represents more than 12 million square kilometers and more than 50 million inhabitants.

Italy, no matter what she says, is turning again to a programme of armament. She has just decided to lay down a cruiser of 10,000 tons, two cruisers of 5,000 tons,

abolished themselves in the dusty corners of storerooms or lofts, unobtrusively nibbling sandwiches, when the

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Mrs. Archibald Roosevelt Tells Why She Favors Repeal of Prohibition

Continued from First Page.

that I see no harm in drink, as such. That in itself does not appeal to me as being a moral issue. TEMPERANCE IS THE IMPORTANT THING.

In our training of our children in temperate and reasonable habits, it is the exercise of moderation and self-control that we seek to instill in them—this for their guidance in all manner of conduct as they grow up.

Now, by reiterated discussion of prohibition, we have made drink take too great a place on the adolescent horizon. As I do not think we can, as yet, measure the far-reaching effect of this. But such attention as is already discernible are not good. They are ominous.

Our method of training our children should be rejecting. I am not eager to have my children live and be herded together under legislation

designed for the weak. WEAK legislation aimed at relieving them of thought and choice. That is in direct defiance of the generally accepted theory of child training.

Furthermore, mothers of this country should be far more interested in seeing the lawmakers engaged in law making for the normal people of the land, and to advance their welfare and interests.

If the law which protects the weak-will minority surrounds the great majority of normal youth of the nation

made our supreme moral mentor and would turn them into unthinking creatures, deprived of their birthright, freedom of choice.

Now, after ten years, the dry point with pride to the testimony of the Salvation Army and of social workers regarding the improved prosperity of the weak and underprivileged. I do not agree that this is good proof of the splendid results of prohibition.

Caters to Weak
Laws Relieving One of Thought Are Decried

Not I do not think it proves anything over which there should be rejoicing. I am not eager to have my children live and be herded together under legislation

designed for the weak. WEAK legislation aimed at relieving them of thought and choice. That is in direct defiance of the generally accepted theory of child training.

Furthermore, mothers of this country should be far more interested in seeing the lawmakers engaged in law making for the normal people of the land, and to advance their welfare and interests.

If the law which protects the weak-will minority surrounds the great majority of normal youth of the nation

with conditions essentially undemanding and dangerous, then there is no question which is the most worth saving.

It seems to me that after ten years every intelligent man and woman must be of a clear mind "for" or "against" prohibition. But many timid souls fear to express themselves.

Some fear loss of social caste in communities where prohibition is fashionable.

Some, active in politics, believe that in accepting political position they have sold their very souls to their constituents.

Others believe that by straddling they will gain safety. Then, there are apathetic persons who are hard to arouse to the gravity of the present situation, and others who do not care, since it has made no change in their habits anyway.

Finally, there is a busy world, in which lives are overworked—and many refuse to admit another problem.

In this situation it is the "human fringe" which has been lamely active. I have received abusive letters because I dare to have a conviction to this issue and express it publicly.

has the right to seek the legal repeal of what he believes to be an unjust law.

In pleading for enforcement he said:

"If a law is wrong, its rigid enforcement is the surest guarantee of its repeal."

I am not for nullification. I am for a repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, this can be brought about by an amendment to the Constitution which, after passing both houses of Congress, by a two-thirds vote, would go to State conventions called for this purpose alone, the people voting for representatives to such conventions on this one issue.

During the time the repeal was passing both houses of Congress and the various conventions, the individual States would have a good many representatives to prepare legislation in compliance with State sentiment. Also, the bill itself would provide for repeal becoming effective at a date sufficiently far ahead to allow for passage of liquor control legislation.

In States where such laws already are existent, they would automatically be come operative again with the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

That would end another dangerous outgrowth of the church prohibition—the church lobby. Between 1901 and 1928, the Anti-Saloon League, through its paper and State or takes the raised and spread the shell

to influence and control legislation.

Think of it! This since it has been proved to have come from a small, rich group and not from a large number of dry sympathizers, and that the financial aid from dry States was comparatively insignificant.

It seems to me that this tremendous increase in crime, as evidenced by our overcrowding of prisons, and the hypocrisy of our legislators who wrote dry and in no way carried their own law both cry out for prohibition reform. We are faced by the most far-reaching and terrible prison revolts ever known.

During ten years the partial and feeble attempt at reaching prohibition law violators has LED TO THE CONVICTION OF A QUARTER OF A MILLION PER-SONS.

Prisons Filled
Quarter of a Million Jailed in Dry Era.

If, according to James M. Beasly, these convicts were drawn up in army array and marched by the White House, it would require two days and two nights of steady marching for all to pass.

The Coast Guard has been increased by 3,000 men and \$1,000,000 has been added to the budget for the purchase of a new boat. Other flying boat and other approximately fifty road convention at

observes that the construction of twenty-two submarines is an unprecedented event in a time of peace. It has rightly announced the united reaction of the French General Staff with the consequent need for revision of the Treaty of London at least for percentages of smaller naval powers.

Everything has become clouded again. The Tripartite Pact, because it does not solve the problem of the Mediterranean, has become pacifists and imperialists alike. We do not feel it necessary to defend the

theories of the latter, but as lovers of peace we cannot fail to observe once again the failure of the disarmament conference. We do not know how the American Government will receive the conclusions of the Naval Conference. The events in India will scarcely leave England inert. We French are busily occupied in Indo-China. In the United States the Big Navy Party is gaining ground to accentuate its campaign in favor of more submarines. The naval circles of Japan seem restless and dissatisfied.

Our proud boast that we have lived for a century and a half without a rifle or a fort along a 3,000-mile frontier and achieved a record for peace unequalled in world history is shamed today.

There are 750 armed Coast Guards on that border now. Fifteen thousand still were seized last year.

Fifty million dollars will not cover the Federal enforcement budget; the loss in revenue amounts to hundreds of millions.

And yet, in any average assembly of persons, it is probable that more than half have violated the Prohibition Law. Let us be honest and face the plain fact that this law is unenforceable. However noble the motive which inspired this amendment, the consequences are deplorable.

The Eighteenth Amendment was passed in wartime when for the sake of temporary efficiency—government are intolerant. But in time of peace it is apparent that the terrible by-products of this intolerance far outweigh any compensating efficiency.

Surely, a ballot has been cast in the Eighteenth Amendment. I would like to see us come into the open and legalize our decision when for the sake of our children. And when we have done that, we no longer will go on making them "drink."

To obviate this danger, we French Dieteters are ready to help as much as we know how. We would accept very willingly a direct accord with Italy based on wise concepts which would prove mutually beneficial. But we think that the truth was uttered on April 29 at Geneva by the council of the Inter-Parliamentary Union.

A general convention is needed under the patronage of the League of Nations. (Copyright, 1930, by Kathleen Norris)

Problems Remain
Freedom of Seas Not Yet Secured.

In a more general way, a problem of the freedom of the seas and that of security remain intact. Let us sum up the case:

We recognize fully and are grateful for the noble intentions of President Hoover and Premier MacDonald. They have succeeded in reducing the figures for battleships, mostly naval fortresses that they are. But the effort to achieve an initial accord between those nations of the world who are engaged in the European and Mediterranean questions led to an impasse.

Already twenty-two Italian submarines have rekindled this question of naval disarmament. If this situation is aggravated or even continued unchanged, Italian naval construction will create through the world the same difficulties as those formerly created by the German land armaments.

To obviate this danger, we French Dieteters are ready to help as much as we know how. We would accept very willingly a direct accord with Italy based on wise concepts which would prove mutually beneficial. But we think that the truth was uttered on April 29 at Geneva by the council of the Inter-Parliamentary Union.

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Problems Remain
Freedom of Seas Not Yet Secured.

"THIS IS A FIGHT IN THE NAME OF GOD," SAYS MAHATMA GANDHI, INDIAN LEADER

"I Need the Help of All Races and From All Climes to Assist Paupers"

By MAHATMA GANDHI

Indian leader, who has been imprisoned by the British for his "civil disobedience" program that has spread so rapidly it is causing England grave concern.

A MUSLIM YOUTH has sent me questions on the Hindu Muslim problem. One of them is: "Do you expect to win swaraj (independence) through your own single effort or assisted merely by the Hindus?"

I have never dreamt that I could win swaraj merely through my efforts or assisted only by the Hindus. I stand in need of the assistance of Mussulmans, Parsis, Christians, Sikhs, Jews and all other Indians.

I need the assistance even of Englishmen.

But I know, too, that all this combined assistance is worthless if I have not one other assistance, that is from God. All is vain without His help. And if He is with this struggle no other help is necessary.

But to realize His help and guidance in this struggle, I

the still small voice within, but there was no response.

It was in Lahore I had told a journalist that I saw nothing on the horizon to warrant civil resistance.

But suddenly, as in a flash, I saw the light in the Ashram.

Self-confidence returned.

Englishmen and some Indian critics have been warning me against the hazard. But the voice within is clear. I had to put forth all my effort or retire altogether and for all time from public life.

I felt that now was the time or it would be never.

And so I am out for battle.

Thus the answer to the Muslim youth's question is complete. I need the help of all races and from all climes.

A Satyagrahi has no power he can call his own. All the power he may seem to possess is from and of God. He therefore moves toward his goal carrying the world's opinion with him.

Without the help of God he is lame, blind, groping.

Gandhi's Creed
"Self-Purification" and "Self-Sacrifice"

Ever since 1921 I have been reiterating two words, "self-purification" and "self-sacrifice." God will not assist him without these two.

The world is touched by sacrifice. It does not then discriminate about the merits of a cause.

Not so God. He is all-seeing. He insists on the purity of the cause and on adequate sacrifice therefor.

The question was put by a Mussulman representing a powerful interest. But had a little Parsi girl representing but a hundred thousand Parsis asked the question, I should have given the same answer, and said:

"Without the help of Parsis there is no swaraj."

I am thankful to be able to say that I have had during the march abundant proof of



NATIVE POLICE and excise officers battling with followers of Mahatma Gandhi at Katikapur. The prisoners, who had been making salt in defiance of the British laws, threw themselves into the canal in an effort to escape arrest.

the Ali Brothers with me. Maulana Shaukat Ali will no longer have me in his pocket. Do not think I do not miss him. I hold no distinction between him and blood brother. His resistance, therefore, can only be short-lived. If truth is in me, the brothers must capitulate. They cannot long keep out of the battle.

I crave, too, the assistance of Englishmen.

It was neither empty formula nor a touch of vanity that prompted me to send an English friend with my letter to the viceroy.

By choosing Reginald Reynolds as my messenger, I sealed the bond between them and me. For my enmity is not against them, it is against their rule.

I seem to be born to be an instrument to compass the end of that rule.

But if a hair of an English head was touched I should feel the same grief as I should over such a mishap to

my brother. I say to them as a friend:

"Why will you not understand that your rule is ruining this country? It has got to be destroyed even though you may pound us to powder or drown us. We must declare what we feel."

Bound by Pledge
Solution Must Satisfy All Parties, Says Congress

The second question is: "Under swaraj how many seats will Mussulmans have in the legislatures?"

What answer can I return to such a question? If I were viceroy of India I should say to the Mussulmans, Sikhs, Christians, Parsis, etc.:

"Take what you like, the balance will go to the Hindus."

It is true that the Sanatani Hindu will never let me be-

come viceroy. The fact is that I am unfit to do such accounting.

But it should be sufficient to know that the Congress has pledged itself not to accept any communal solution that does not satisfy the par-

'Now or Never Was the Time'

ties concerned. I am bound by that pledge.

For the Congress all are one. They are all Indians and, therefore, their freedom is guaranteed. No more can be expected by any community.

Civil resistance will merely give the power to the nation to assert her will. But when the time comes for its assertion, the document embodying the will will have to be sealed by all the communities. Thus without the co-operation of all communities, there is no independence.

Salt Tax "Cruel"

"Who Can Help Liking This Poor Man's Battle?"

But what should we do meanwhile? We must at least be true to the salt we eat. Her starving millions are the salt of India's earth.

To be true to them we must free the salt from a tax which they have to pay equally with the rich and in the same proportion as the rich.

In our ignorance we have been paying this inhuman imposition. Having realized our folly we will be traitors to the starving millions if we submit to the exaction any longer.

Who can help liking this poor man's battle?

The cruel tax is no respecter of persons. It is, therefore, as much the interest of the Mussulman as of the Hindu to secure its abolition.

This is a fight undertaken in the name of God and for the sake of the millions of the paupers of this country.

(World-Wide News Service.)



MAHATMA GANDHI, imprisoned leader of India, who writes of his war for freedom "in the name of God."

need the blessings of all communities; the blessings of thousands of men and women belonging to all communities that have attended my march are to me a visible sign of the hand of God in this struggle.

The Voice Within

"I Had to Put Forth All My Effort or Retire"

I know that there are occasions when the hand of God has to be traced in the curses of men. But this is not such an occasion. Today I am doing what the nation has been yearning for during the past 10 years. Have I not been rebuked for delaying civil resistance?

Have not friends angrily said:

"You are stopping the progress of the nation toward its goal. You have only to say, 'Let there be civil resistance. Behold! There is swaraj.'"

There is some truth in the taunt.

Full civil resistance does mean swaraj. But I was staying my hand. I had no confidence in myself. I was straining my ear to listen to



—Photos by International Newsreel.

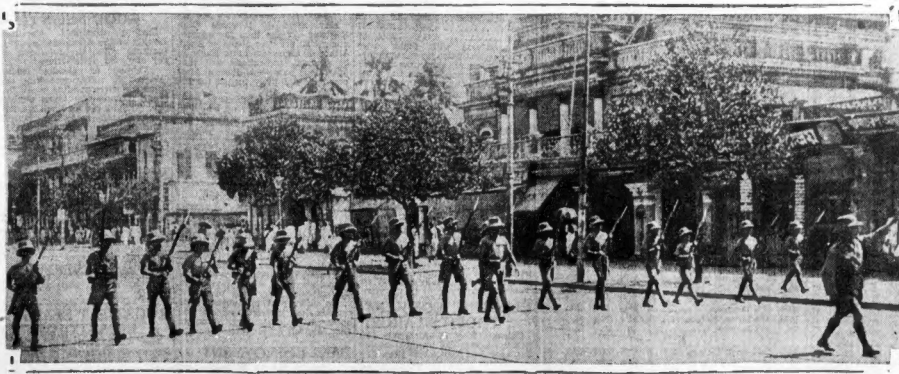
UNDER ARREST. A native policeman encounters passive resistance on the part of his prisoner during Calcutta riots.

the blessings of these communities.

I have read friendliness in the eyes and in the speech of the Mussulmans who along

with the rest have lined our route or attended the meetings. They have even given material aid.

Yet I know that I have not



—Photo by International Newsreel.

BRITAIN'S ANSWER to Calcutta riots. Soldiers with fixed bayonets marching through the streets of the city, prepared for extreme measures to preserve order after disturbances in which more than 50 persons were injured. The principal trouble was precipitated by the arrest of J. M. Sen Gupta, mayor of Calcutta, and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, president of the Indian National Congress.

THREE BIG BARGAIN DAYS on the Boston & Maine

DOLLAR DAYS
May 30, 31 and June 1
For these three days only—between any two points on the system—you can buy

A ROUND TRIP TICKET \$1 for a ONE-WAY FARE plus

Go any time, return any time, within these three days. Visit friends or relatives or spend a pleasant weekend in the country. Avoid holiday traffic on crowded highways. **DOLLAR DAY TICKETS ON SALE NOW IN ADVANCE.** Ask your Railroad Ticket Agent.

BOSTON and MAINE RAILROAD

"No fear of Teacher sending her home"

Every mother knows the shame and embarrassment of a child with a "dirty" head.

Kil-Ve not only destroys the live vermin but it also destroys the eggs, nits or Larvae that cling to the hair.

No Fine Comb Necessary
Sold at all reliable Drug Stores
35c., 65c. and \$1.25 per bottle.
Use mothers use Kil-Ve as a preventive and preservative.

**LATEST FROM
STATE STREET**

Information for Investors

Address investment inquiries to FRANK H. McLEON, Financial Editor, *Entrepreneur*, c/o Boston, Mass., enclosing stamp for reply. Write your questions clearly. Owing to difference in circumstances, investments, etc., the advice given to one person does not necessarily apply to another. All inquiries are answered by mail direct. Only a few of those of general interest are printed, in whole or in part, in these columns.

♦

MAY NEED PREFERRED
 8.—Recently, I noticed your column and need advice. How

us.—Because of irregular dividend record Bethlehem Steel cannot be placed in the group of companies common at recent levels.

—Retired May 1, 1929. Dividends of \$4 a share annually were paid from June, 1870. On the new stock, issued in four-for-one split October 1, 1928, the regular rate has been \$1

after a lapse of four years, dividends were resumed at \$4 a share annually, increased to \$6 Nonrenewal Nov. 1929. Not all investors held buy common stock. Maybe preferred stock would be a more desirable purchase for you.

A SOUND STOCK
 E.—I am a wage earner with three dependents. I have had \$3500 which I want to invest and have selected Pennsylvania Railroad. Do you approve?
 Ans.—Pennsylvania Railroad is a good stock. Earnings have been good. I think you have a few shares of \$1000 now in a savings bank.
 Ans.—Here is a plan: Two thousand dollars each Lawyers' Title & Trust Co. and the Erie Railroad Mortgage 5½, 10 shares Republic Steel \$6 preferred. The total cost is a bit less than \$5000 and the combined annual income \$280. The remaining \$2000 is not too much for

the savings bank.

\$26,000 TO INVEST

A. N.—I am middle-aged, with one dependent. My life's savings of \$26,000 are in savings banks at 4 and 4½ per cent. I need more income and shall await your suggestions.

THREE PER CENT.
Mrs. R. F. Please give info.
on Eastman Kodak.
—Eastman Kodak has an
able record of earnings and
for you could have had a large sum
come long ago. Buy \$3000 each 8
W. Straus first mortgage 6%, Law-
son Title & Guaranty 8%,
Guarantee & Trust 5% and 8%
folk Title & Guaranty 5%;
share each American Type Foundry
preferred, Bush Terminal de-

dividends. Payments of \$10 a share annually were distributed from 1903 to 1921, with extras of \$2 to \$50 a share each year from 1906 to 1915. The current annual rate is \$100 a share, with a 30-for-1 split in 1929 with extras of \$33 annually. Dividend quality on this basis would now be about 3 per cent.

KEEP A RESERVE
T—...and a salaried man.
dependents. Please suggest
plan for the investment
\$6000 now in a savings bank.
Ans.—Are you quite sure you do
need a surplus of at least \$2000
in the bank for contingencies?

WANTS TO AVERAGE
L. L—I own 15 shares American
Car & Foundry at higher
levels. Shall I buy 15 shares more
to average?
Ans.—We must decline to comment
on your plans, which involve
speculation. Though Ameri-

MORE INCOME

— **WANTS BONDS** —
C. W.—I am a wage-earner, with one dependent. I have saved

They are guaranteed first mortgage certificates, maturing in years. You are privileged, however, to call them after three years. The remaining \$2000 is not too much for the savings bank.

EARNINGS DECLINE

S.—Among securities I own \$4000 and want to invest \$2000 in bonds. Please advise.

Ans.—In guaranteed first mortgages you will find the protection and income you need. Buy \$2000 Lawyers' Title and Guaranty 3½% bringing \$110 annually. This is more than the savings bank pays.

BOSTON STOCK EXCHANGE

A				N					
	High	Low	Close	Chg.		High	Low	Close	Chg.
Pheny	27 1/2	27 1/2	27 1/2	- 1/2	No American	119	116 1/2	116 1/2	- 3/4
Fisher	16	15	16	+ 1	North Butte	2 1/2	2 1/2	2 1/2	0
Can	144 1/2	144 1/2	144 1/2	- 1/2	Nor & Wor	133	133	133	0
For Pwr	84 1/2	83 1/2	83 1/2	- 1/2					
Cont Corp	26 1/2	25 1/2	25 1/2	- 1/2	P				
Founders	18 1/2	18	18 1/2	0	Pacific Mills	22	22	22	0

Pneu	5%	5%	5%	..	Paenafu	11%	11%	11%	..
pf	20	20	20	..	Penn R R	78%	78%	78%	..
Tel	247%	246%	246%	..	Pond C	13%	13	13	+2
Woolen	12%	12%	12%	..	Pub Uol Hld	25%	25	25%	+1
Tel rts	20%	20%	20%	..					
Sonda	60%	60%	60%	..	Quincy	21%	24%	24%	..
Pa Pete	55c	55c	55c	..					

B

Q

R

Steel	91%	96%	96%	+ 1/4	do R.O.	20%	13c	19c - 1c
Elev	81	81	81	..	Radio K O.	44%	43%	44 - %
1 pf	106	106	106	- 1	S			
& Prov.	177	177	177	..	St Mary's	18%	18%	18% - 1/4
C					Shawmut	19%	19%	19%
Service	37%	37%	37%	+ 1/4	Std Brands	22%	22%	22% + 1/4
Serv Rts	11-16	11-16	11-16	- 3/4	Stone & Web	100	100	100

Gas	86%	85%	86	-	%	Swift & Co.	39	39	39	-	%
mon'th 8	17%	17%	17	-	%	Swift Int'l	29	38	38	-	%
Gas	129%	129%	129	-	%						
Gas & PRR.103	103	103				Torrington	57	57	57	-	%
Graph	28%	27%	27	-	%	Tower	1½	1½	1½	-	%
rn Cl I	10%	10%	10	-	%	Traveler Shos.	7	7	7	-	%
is W	11%	11%	11	-	%						
E						U					

	Asso.	31	31	25	Un Airbrat	77	75	16	16
Asso. p pf	35	31	81	4	Un Carbide	85	85	85	85
Asso. pf	6	6	6	6	Un Corp	44	44	46	46
Asso. Ry	35	35	35	1	Un Founders	25	25	25	25
Asso. pf	25	25	25	1	Un Gas & Im.	44	44	46	46
Asso. ad	18	18	18	2	Uned Shoe	67	67	67	67
Asso. ad	270	270	270	5	Un Shoe pf	31	31	31	31
Asso. Toy Grp	25	25	25	14	Un S Equip	18	18	18	18

	F			
Nat Str...	53%	53%	53%	- 1%
	G			
Houset pf	14%	14%	14%	- 1%
Alloys.....	17%	16%	19%	- 2%
Food.....	58%	58%	58%	
Capital.....	52%	52%	52%	+ 1
Expn of... 10	10	10	10	+ 1/2
			V	
U S Steel.....	172%	172%	172%	- 1/2
U S & Overseas.	19%	19%	19%	
T'ash Appl....	2%	2%	2%	
Utility Equip pfd	1%	1%	1%	84
Util Hy&Rail..	10%	10%	10%	
do war.....	1%	1%	1%	

Electric	83%	83%	83%	+	W
Motors	48%	47%	47%	-	W
ette	87%	86%	87%	+	W
Christ	12	12	12	..	W
H					
away A.	37%	37%	37%	+	W
son Motr.	42%	42	42%	-	W
Venezuela-H					
	3%	3	3%	+	W
W					
Warner Pict.	64%	63%	64	-	W
Westfield Mfg.	24	24	24	..	W
Westinghouse	178	177	178	..	W
BONDS					
E. Mass 4 1/2%	43%	43%	43%	+	W

Tel	64%	64	64%—	14
Royale.....	8	8	8—	36
But Hole.....	13%	13%	13%+	W
K				
anger & T.....	33	33	33	..
M				
Util	8%	8%	8%—	34

Ward .. 44%	44%	44%	44%	44%
onal S C .. 4	4	4	4	4
Dominion 12c	12c	12c	12c	12c
G & E pf. 93	93	93	93	93
Haven.. 117%	117%	117%	117%	117%

NEWS

usually sufficient

Mail Coupon today—

Name _____

Address _____